



for
MARC FRIEDLAENDER
and
WILLIAM MUELLER

*Woe's me! Woe's me! In Folly's Mailbox
Still laughs the postcard, Hope:
Your uncle in Australia
Has died and you are Pope.
For many a soul has entertained
A Mailman unawares—
And as you cry, "Impossible,"
A step is on the stairs.*

FROM RANDALL JARRELL'S "HOPE"
*The spirit killeth, but the
letter giveth life.*

CORADDI

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Poetry

NINA WALKER
POEMS OF CATULLUS 5

CATHERINE HENSON
THREE POEMS 7

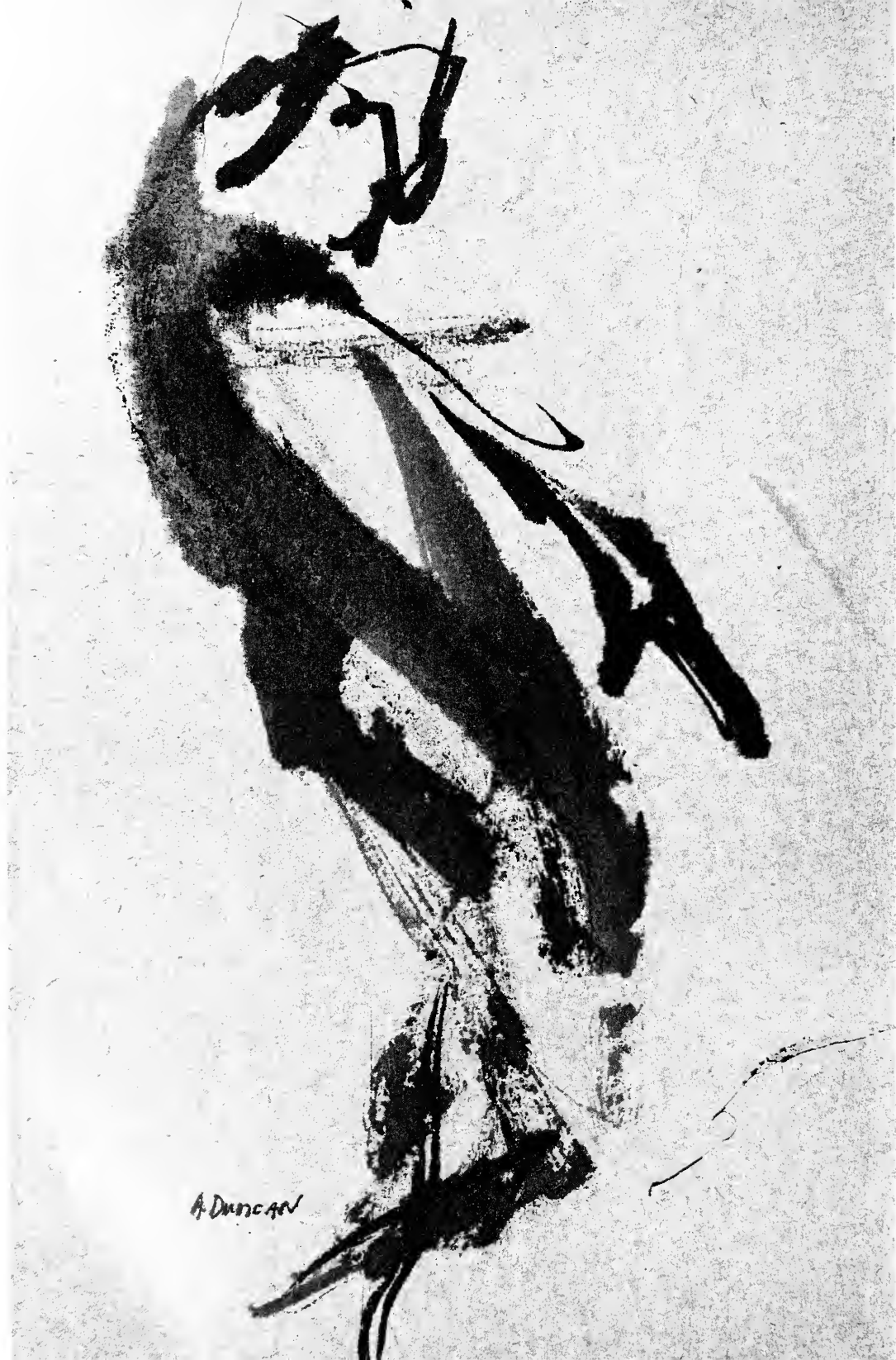
HEATHER ROSS
TWO POEMS 8

BEVERLY BRYANT
FIVE PEOPLE 9

NANCY HUNNICUTT
SONG 10

WANDA GATLIN
POEM 10
STAINS OF SPRING 10

BERTHA HARRIS
THE NIGHT-MARE 11
FIRST DAY 11



A. DUNCAN

POEMS OF CATULLUS

translated from the Latin by Nina Walker

number thirty-eight

— Your Catullus is sick, Cornificius,
He is sick, by Hercules, very sick,
And more and more, every day and hour.
And by what word have you consoled him—
The least and very easiest thing to do?
Is this how you regard my devotion?
Just a few words—
Whatever you like
But sadder than the tears of Simonides.

number seven

You ask how many of your kisses, Lesbia
Are enough for me
And more than enough—
As many as the number of Libyan sands
Lying in incense-bearing Cyrene
Between the oracle of sultry Jove
And the sacred tomb of old Battus,
Or as many as the stars which,
When the night is hushed,
Gaze on the hidden loves of men.
To kiss you so many kisses
Is enough and more for mad Catullus—
Kisses which the curious eye cannot count
Nor an evil tongue bewitch.

number nine

Veranius, dearer to me than all my friends—
All three hundred thousand of them.
Have you come home to your hearth
And your loving brothers and old mother?
You have come! Good news for me!
I shall see you safe
And hear you telling of Hiberian places,
Their deeds and tribes,
As is your way.
And stretching my neck
I shall kiss your mirthful face and eyes.
O all ye blessed men,
Who is happier and more blessed than I?

number thirteen

In a few days you will dine well with me,
If the gods favor you, my Fabullus,
If you will bring with you
A great and splendid feast
Not without a pretty girl
And wine and wit
And all kinds of laughter.
I say, if you will bring this, our charming friend,
You will dine well;
For the purse of your Catullus is full of cobwebs.
But in return you will receive the very essence of love
And what is sweeter and more delicious:
For I shall give you the perfume which the
Venuses and Cupids gave to my sweetheart, and
When you smell this
You will ask the gods
To make you, Fabullus,
All nose.

number eighty-five

I hate and I love.
Perhaps you ask
Why I do this.
I do not know
But I feel it,
And I am in anguish.

number fifty-one

To me he seems to be like a god
He, if it is right,
Seems to surpass the gods
Who sitting opposite you, again and again
watches and listens

To your sweet laughter. . .
Then all my senses depart—Alas!
For when I look at you, Lesbia
There is nothing left for me.

But my tongue is heavy,
A thin flame steals under my limbs,
My ears ring with their own murmuring,
Both eyes are drowned in night.
Leisure, Catullus, is bad for you.
You exult in leisure and too much you rejoice.
Leisure has destroyed both kings
And blessed cities before.

THREE POEMS

by

Catherine
Henson

The wind assaults my window
Beating its way through the unsealed cracks
Demanding to my attention
The fresh sunshine of March

Give me the quiet of a summer's day
To heal the wounds found in autumn
And kept raw by the harsh cold of winter
Let me hear nothing but the hum of insects

My body drifts upward
Into nothingness
I see the earth below
White with patches of Spring

But Spring will not come
For night will fall first

Night bringing fear
Night should be shadowless black
As day is white
But night is gray



CAROLYN HARRIS . *Brush and ink drawing.*



MARY DARDEN BREWER . *Pen and ink drawing.*

Come music, shake off your cold black boots
And jump upon my fingers.
I'll give you a ride, a free ride,
To the warm rhythm of my heart.
I found you here in this dusty book
That belongs to yesterday.
You were lonely, so terribly lonely.
I know what it's like
To be found again.

TWO POEMS

This puzzle of light and dark, this pattern of face —
It is mute and yet so voiced.
Perhaps the soul speaks first —
In the shadowed cheek or the quiet eye —
Breaking through the emulsion of years
Into a dimmed and faded present.
I feel the breeze upon her skin, — even
The rise and fall of her breath.
Today she walks in the green of Life —
But the soul is embedded here —
In this tracery of silver.
And when this image has crumbled in dust
Where will she be?
She of the photograph — she will be dead.

by
**Heather
Ross**

FIVE PEOPLE

The oboe player sits on his hemorrhoids while playing
the Bach B minor;
and the cellist picks string beans out of his teeth
during intermission
(having one hand free only at that time).

In another theater two sweaty swans after an hour of
stale stinking pirouettes, let down their hair
for an evening with two musicians.

Tonight in a sylvan setting these four will make love;
the oboe player will get dirt on his fat little knees,
and the gnats will raise welts on the cellist's back;
(the swans will only have backaches tomorrow).

They will use the rest of their liquor money
to buy off the forest ranger
who will arrive at the strategic moment,
(fornication being a crime in this state).

BEVERLY BRYANT



ANN DEARSLEY . THE CONVERSATION . *Pen and ink.*

SONG

Flesh of ceiling ribs
pierced in the light of stars,
flayed in the sun-flashed
beat of wings—
Let fall the dim lamps
that swing in the wind
and shadow the skeleton stairs:

The crack in the column
widens, and the stone
acanthus
has flowered.

NANCY HUNNICUTT



NANCY NEILL . GIRL BOUNCING BALL . *Pen and ink.*

We are two yet alike
Our appreciation is interchanged
Yet one not at all parallel
Is too dull to respond
And I can only enclasp you with words.

WANDA GATLIN

STAINS OF SPRING

Spring is the return
from ever-existence
to the longed for life
of drifting.

Only then is a moment more
full than
an empty spirit.

It flows out over
all
like the flighty sun
on a receptive sea.

It flows and spreads
like stains of blood
on a heated surface.

It dies silently, quickly
then
disappears into the
familiar void.

WANDA GATLIN

The Night-Mare

She lifts her arms
through the white birches.
She casts seeds of light
from her nest
 luring, luring
through the forest,
at one with the huddled nest of rocks,
singing, singing,
 hurling her litany
at the flaming head of Gwydion
approaching, bending
the Alder tree behind him.

The light trembles through the grove,
full-blooming and sweet
like the rising of sap in the body of the tree;
in the body,
 the body that she fills with golden blood
 and casts to death in her eyes, deserted oceans,
oceans untouched by swimmers and sailors,
supporting simply the sun,
 the sun, a burning wheel of love
 and purity, the glance of which is death.

She loops her hair about the glittering night
and waits to show her guileless face.

BERTHA HARRIS

First Day

And Noah's sailing preserved
the myth upheld by spring's bronzed bones.
As if he never knew of this, the green encircled ball,
he let the bird lean out and light through mist
Upon the primal weather.
As if he never knew,
he dropped the sons
outside the wooden curtains,
watched them fall steaming from the mountain anchor
to choke the egg of earth with dying men and teeming women
and the misery of potato plants
to feed upon.
They drowned the earth with Noah.

And the good man Noah,
as if he never knew of shining spears
that rise from rusted earth,
covered himself in the leaves of apple trees
and breathed still softer in the blood of planters.

BERTHA HARRIS



BETTY BERRYHILL . GEORGE . *Sculpture in soldier.*

Prose

NANCY

BARBARA MCKEOWN 15

In Defense of the Ivory Tower,

editorial

20



CAROLYN HARRIS . PREGNANT CAT . *Casein.*

NANCY

by

Barbara McKeown

Ice and snow and wind and sleet had come to the Northern seacoast village of Dorset. The skeleton hardwoods groaned and shivered along Dorset's single paved street. The evergreens in Dorset's snow-filled back yards and the spruce trees by her doorsteps hunched their shoulders and pulled their green needles into tight clusters. And the houses of Dorset, the little, white, mud-splotted houses, closed their windows tightly and packed strips of burlap in their door sills and puffed up sacrificial streamers of white hickory smoke, in fragrant assurance that no warm sun could come before late April. And far across the landscape, the mournful, hollow toll of the bell buoys reminded the women of Dorset that men lost in a winter sea do not come home.

The buoys need not have bothered. The women knew. Grandmothers clicked their knitting needles rhythmically, without looking, and rocked, and knew. Young wives cut thick chunks of potato into pots of steaming chowder, and set bowls and mugs on checked tablecloths, and took bread from their ovens, and knew. Little girls went to school, and washed supper dishes, and read lessons, and knew—knew that winter and the wind and the sea and death were allies.

Still more than the little girls or the young wives or the old women did Nancy know, with the uncomplicated certainty of a mind that could hold in its weak grasp only the simplest of concepts. She dimly remembered the night her father had tugged on his heavy black boots and reached for a windbreaker.

"Keep the coffee hot, Nancy. Just goin' ta check the lobster pots before the storm." He looked to the grey-green sky. "Be back in an hour."

The door slapped shut behind him. The wind howled. The sea foamed and thrashed and spilled far out over the land. He did not come back. And Nancy knew.

Nancy wasn't right in her head. The village wives whispered it among themselves, not unkindly, and explained it to their children, telling them not to talk about it. The women had gone to school with Nancy, and recalled how painfully her forehead had creased at the writing and spelling and fractions; how her lips had mouthed slow words as she labored at reading, pulling the book too close to her face.

"Suppose I had ten apples," the new, round-faced teacher had said, surveying the room for a blank expression. "If I had ten apples and gave a fifth of them away, how many apples would I

have?—Nancy?"

She stared silently at her desk.

"Think, Nancy."

Children tittered and squirmed.

"If I had ten apples . . ." He wrote the figure "10" on the white powdered panel of the freshly erased blackboard. Penmanship samples crawled across the wall above the board. They were proud and perfect.

"Very well, Nancy. We will try again after school."

"Never has been quite right," said the women of Nancy. "Sat like a bump on a log all through school. Never opened her mouth. Maybe she could 'a done better if she'd tried. Then maybe not. Soon's she was old enough, she quit. That's when she went to work for Clara Heath in the rooming house."

The children heard the talk of the women and widened their eyes at Nancy's stooped, thin frame, draped in a wrinkled print dress and a brown wool sweater that drew up in the back. She left the rooming house at dusk, by the side door, cautiously clutching the knob as the door closed, lest the door bang shut; lest the sudden sound attract attention. She hastened down the walk, anxious to pass the watchful house faces turned to the street. She hurried gracefully, in little jerky steps, to the shelter of her house.

Bill Sloan knew that Nancy wasn't right. He could tell by the apology of her walk and her eyes. He knew before Miss Heath, waspish and sharp-eyed, had told him. Miss Heath rented him a room on the top floor of her box-shaped house that had green shutters and a sharply slanted roof and rusted gutters and needed paint. She told Bill about Dorset's preacher who spoke so much of Hell he must have been there. She confided in Bill about the Leonard girl who had married in January and borne a son in July. She wondered how Bill liked living in Dorset. He said he liked Dorset fine and believed he'd better get down to the post office to mail a letter.

He listened silently as the men of Dorset gathered in the dirty brown post office to swap lies and jokes and wait for the Saturday morning mail. The men came early to compare the weekly tally of days each man had driven the iced road and deep snow without chains. Often the winner used none at all. The more cautious called him a goddamned fool and everyone exchanged friendly insults.

Bill tried to remember to take his preoccupied gaze from the oiled brown floor and pay attention

to the talk of the townsmen and laugh when they laughed, for he wanted to make friends. And the men tried to help him.

"Heey, Bill! Ya been here a month, now. Time yer gittin' a girl!" said Ted Hastings, who had accepted the title of goddamned fool and felt very good. "I was thinkin' that maybe you and Nancy . . ." His features relaxed into a smirk of pleasure at his own wit.

Bill jerked his gaze from the dead fly on its back in the gritty window frame and scowled, then forced his dark features into an insecure grin.

"Had my eye on 'er for a long time, Ted, but I was scared of what ya might do to me for takin' her away from you!"

The laughter of Dorset's men rang out to the snow-banked street.

Ted knew the weather and the tides and fishing. Bill was strong and willing to learn. They went in together on a small lobster boat and caulked her seams to make her tight and seaworthy. At dusk they returned to the shore from her maiden voyage across the bay. The air was heavy with the smell of fish and salt and smoke and over-ripe bait. Lights flickered in a semi-circle of bright pinpoints, outlining the crescent harbor. The boat bumped with a gentle thud against the wet end post of the pier and glided to her mooring. The two men clambered to the pier.

"I'll start a fire in the stove." Ted's voice was cheerful as he inclined his head in the direction of the tool shed and a battered green pick-up truck beside it on the shore. "Reach in the truck and bring the package under the seat."

"Package?"

"Little somethin' to take the chill off."

Bill chuckled as he opened the truck door.

In the grey-black haze preceding dawn, an object hurtled out the door, thudded against the pier, bounced into the water and gurgled out of sight. A voice sang weakly.

"What shall we do with th' drunken sailor,

What shall we dooo

with th' druun-ken sai-lor,

Whah shall we dooo

'th' drun-ken saaai-lor

Eaar-ly in th'

morn-

nin . . . ?"

"Bill?"

"Yeah?"

"Ya 'sleep yet?"

"Nawp."

"What sa time?"

"Donno."

"Think I'll get som' sleep."

"Yeah."

"Mus' be bed time."

"Yeah?"

"Bill?"

"Mmmph?"

"Ya 'sleep yet?"

"Hell no."

"Why don't ya go see yer girl, Bill?"

"Whah?"

"Yer girl! *You* know, *Nancy*!"

Bill rolled over painfully and sat up. Ted dozed. Bill put his head between his open palms and groaned softly.

"Gotta go see my girl," he muttered dully in the direction of Ted's sprawled form. He pulled himself to his feet, spreading his legs and flexing his knees for balance. He reached for the door and missed and pushed heavily against it with his shoulder. The cold air cleared his head and he felt light. He left irregular tracks in the snow, each with a long mark where the heel scraped before the foot found a secure resting place. Ahead he saw Nancy's house. It was brown and small against the brightening dawn. The roof sagged and the porch paint peeled in curls. Bill's footsteps slowed. He felt dizzy. He wanted to run or hide. His foot caught a piece of rotted stump. He fell face down in the snow.

Sunlight pushed back the shadows in Nancy's house. It entered the kitchen window on the East and touched the yellow curtains and a green feather-leaf emerging from the black soil of the window box. The leaf began an infinitely slow unfolding. A bulging droplet of water, clinging to the sink faucet, caught the sunlight and sparkled rainbow colors, before dropping to the sink and descending to the darkness inside its naked plumbing. The legs of a wooden table leaned unsteadily and the oil cloth curled at one corner where the glossy surface had flaked, revealing a paste-colored woven backing.

In the next room, Nancy sat up and frowned and blinked, then pushed aside the covers and eased her bare feet to the cold floor. She crossed the floor and poked at the stove's pink coals with a stick of kindling. She crumpled paper and piled in driftwood gathered along the beach. She opened the door and a yellow cat whisked into the room, brushing its night-chilled fur against her legs. The cat held its tail in the air and bent to a dish by the stove. Nancy pushed her aside with one foot and poured milk into the dish. Then she watched intently as the cat's quick tongue darted in and out of the white liquid.

"Where ya been, Kitty?" Nancy tried to sound polite. The cat looked up suspiciously.

"Here, kitty. Have some more." Nancy poured milk into the dish. The cat ignored the milk and sat up to lick her fur. Nancy laughed softly and began a tuneless humming as she slipped into the dress that draped over the iron bed frame.

"Finish your milk, kitty."

Nancy picked up a broom from the corner and carried it to the porch, lifting it to sweep at the

snow that had sifted across the porch in the night wind. She looked out across the broad expanse of snow. A black shape bulked up against it. She dropped the broom and ran into the house, closing and locking the door. No sound broke the early morning stillness. She tiptoed to the window and peeped from behind the curtain. The form did not move. Nancy waited, her heart pounding. The cat yawned and stretched under the stove. Nancy went to the bedroom and closed the door. She sat down on the bed and trembled. She rose again from the bed and peeped through the door into the kitchen. The cat was still there, undisturbed. She returned to the window. The black form had not moved. She crept to the door and peered out. Then slowly, step by step, Nancy crossed the porch, gingerly picked up the broom and stepped down to the snow, taking the broom with her.

His left leg stuck out behind him. The other crumpled beneath him, tilting his body to one side. Nancy took slow steps forward, tensed to run if he stirred, until she stood at arm's length. He breathed softly, in short, shallow gasps. She extended the broom handle to his shoulder, nudging it gently. He did not move. She bent down and peered into his face. It was blue with the cold. Her hand touched the chilled flesh of his cheek. His breath enveloped her hand in warm fog. She pulled it back, startled. Then she put the broom down and knelt by him. She slowly extended a single finger to his lips, feeling the warm ebb and flow of his breathing.

"Bill! Hey, Bill!" Ted crossed the snow in quick steps. "I'll be damned!"

Nancy jumped to her feet.

Ted knelt down beside Bill and carefully rolled him over.

"We'd better get him inside." Ted nodded toward the house. Nancy picked up the broom and held it in her two hands. Ted lifted Bill's arm to his shoulder. He gripped Bill's form firmly beneath the arm pits and half carried, half dragged him into the house. They lifted him to the bed and Ted stripped off his outer garments. Nancy brought quilts and blankets from a trunk in the corner of the room.

"I'm goin' for a doctor." Ted looked worried. He left the door ajar as he went out. Nancy closed the door and walked back to the bedroom. His face was flushed against the white pillow. His hair was disheveled. She reached a timid hand to his forehead and gently stroked the hair to neatness.

Bill roused. He felt heavy. His feet were heavy. His hands and head were heavy. His eyelids were leaden and would not open. His chest was tight and he breathed in shallow gasps. He sucked air in through his mouth and it tasted foul as it passed his tongue. A murmur buzzed and hummed in the distance and gradually grew louder, until the sounds were distinguishable, one from the other.

"He'll be all right," a man's voice rumbled. "Give 'im the medicine on the table if the cough gets worse."

Bill opened his eyes. Nancy was shyly standing beside the doctor.

"You're mighty lucky, fellah." The doctor was looking down at him. "Next time you stay inside to do yer celebratin'."

Bill grinned sheepishly. "I'd better be gettin' back to work." He pulled himself up to a sitting position.

"Back to work! Mygod man! This ain't no summer cold! You're lucky you didn't git pneumonia, layin' out in the snow half the night."

"I can't stay here." Bill glanced nervously in Nancy's direction. Nancy went to the kitchen and closed the door.

"Why not? Besides, Nancy probably gets lonesome here all by herself." The doctor lowered his voice and grinned. "Make yourself at home, boy. You better rest a day or two, anyway."

He left by the kitchen door and Nancy slipped on her coat and followed as soon as he passed from sight. She made her way quickly, across the snow, to Miss Heath's white house.

Bill dozed fitfully until mid-afternoon. Hunger gnawed at him and he drowsily pulled on his shirt and trousers and went to the kitchen. The cat glared from under the stove. Bill put his hand down to her nose, letting her sniff it fastidiously until she was ready to let him stroke her fur.

He found a bowl of chilled stew on the window ledge. He poured some out for the cat and heated the rest for himself. They ate together. Bill rinsed his dishes carefully. He was awkward at the unfamiliar task, but he felt the need to leave things straight as he found them.

Miss Heath said it was a pretty mess and how did Nancy think it looked, keepin' a man in her own bed and stayin' there alone at night? Nancy said nothing. Miss Heath guessed it would 'a been worse to let him lay out there and die. So she made up some broth and said Bill would have to pay for his room anyway, for she couldn't rent it to anyone else with him comin' back and his things spread all over. Nancy carried the broth home carefully and set it in the window to cool until morning. She put her ear against the bedroom door. He breathed with the soft regularity of sleep.

Nancy made fresh coffee and fried a bit of fish for her supper, then cleared the table and washed her few dishes in the sink.

The heavy fingers of a man's hand hooked around the door as it opened slowly. Nancy heard the door creak and jumped. Bill put his head around the door and blinked sleepily at the light. His shirt draped out over his trousers and his hair was rumpled. Nancy turned her back to him and made scrubbing motions at the clean sink with her dish cloth.

"I helped myself to some supper."

She did not turn around.

"I hope you don't mind."

She said nothing.

"The doctor says I'd better stay here a while."

He coughed deeply. She peeped over her shoulder as his head bent forward. He looked up, his face red with the effort. She turned back to the sink.

"Sorry to give you all this trouble."

"No trouble." Her voice was barely audible.

The cat crawled from under the stove and paused to sniff at Bill's shoe. He bent to stroke her fur. She went to the door.

"Guess she wants out." He tried to sound casual.

Nancy jerked a bowl from the table and filled it with milk. She put it to the floor and tapped it with her fingernail, making a little clicking noise. The cat yawned and sampled the milk briefly. Nancy added some scraps of fish to the bowl. They floated in the white milk. The cat nibbled at them. Then she went back to the door.

"Guess she's not hungry." Bill felt the need to apologize. "I fed her a while ago." He opened the door and the cat strolled into the night. Nancy went to the stove and poked at the low-burning flame nervously, until it flickered out.

"Let me help." Bill took the stick from her. His fingers brushed her hand. It was cold. He worked over the stove, grateful for the task. She watched as he raked the embers, coaxing them into flame with paper and kindling. The flames hesitated, then grew strong and warm. He lifted the stove's circular iron lid to the opening above the flame. It slipped from his hand and clattered to the floor. Nancy's taut face relaxed into a transient smile. Bill felt better. He replaced the lid with exaggerated care.

Nancy went to the bowl of broth in the window and took it down, holding it carefully with both hands. She said, "Miss Heath . . ." shyly, without looking at him.

He said, "Oh," as he sat down self-consciously.

Nancy put the broth in a pan, spilling a drop on the stove. It sputtered and smoked. She put a spoon and bowl on the table. She went to the stove and stirred the broth until it steamed. She poured it into the bowl. Bill ate slowly. The broth warmed him and he smiled. He said, "That tasted good." Nancy took the bowl to the sink and washed it carefully.

"Nice place you got here . . ." He struggled to keep hold of the warmth growing in him. He rose from the chair and pretended to look out the window. He moved slowly until he stood beside her.

"Looks like snow."

She nodded, looking at the floor.

"I . . . I like your house." His hand rested on the window ledge beside hers. He moved his hand cautiously, watching her face, until it touched her fingers.

Nancy felt the warmth on her hand without knowing its source. The warmth tingled down inside her. She looked at her hand and saw his covering it. She jerked it free and ran to the door.

"Here, kitty. Kitty, kitty." Her voice was high and sharp. "Kitty, kitty." The wind whistled outside the house. "Kitty? Kitty, kitty, kitty?"

Nancy closed the door slowly, hopelessly. She huddled into a chair, her body tense, her hand clutching the top of her sweater, holding it together over her dress. She looked at Bill. And she waited.

He took a step toward her. Then he stopped and regarded her thoughtfully. That look. He had seen it before. He had been hunting. A deer crossed his path. He fired quickly, inaccurately. He followed blood-spattered tracks to the wounded deer, huddled in a thicket, waiting. She was a doe. Her eyes were glazed with pain and fear. She looked directly at him as he shot her. Bill stepped back. Then he went into the bedroom and closed the door.

Nancy stared numbly at the closed door. Her tensed body slowly relaxed. She rose from the chair and went to the couch beside the stove. She pulled a blanket about her without undressing and buried her face in a pillow. She dozed in fitful snatches until a patch of sunlight warmed the floor by her bed.

Nancy rose and twisted her garments into place. She tiptoed to the bedroom door and listened, hoping he breathed in the evenness of sleep. There was no sound. She held her breath and strained to hear. Still silence. She cracked the door and frowned into the darkness.

Light sifted around the edges of the drawn shade and dropped to the red pattern of the patchwork quilt on the bed. The quilt was rumpled. The bed was empty. Her eyes explored each corner of the room, piercing the shadows. She opened the door wide and looked behind it. She stooped and peered under the bed. The room was empty. The house was empty. She was alone. Nancy ran to the porch. A row of half-filled footprints pointed away from the house. She followed them until they reached the road that led into Dorset. She turned slowly and walked back to the house.

The cat padded into the kitchen behind her. Nancy scooped her up and held her around the middle as a child clutches a lost doll. The cat wriggled free and jumped to the floor. Nancy poured out her milk. Then she built up the fire. She went to the bedroom and opened the shade and made up the bed fresh and clean. Then Nancy wrapped a sweater about her and took her broom. She retraced the footprints across the snow until she reached the road. She lifted the broom and gently stroked at the snow, covering the footprints carefully as she worked her way back to the house. The wind caught at her garments and the soft whisking sounds of the broom, brushing the snow, blended with the tolling of the buoys, sounding in from the sea.



BETTY PETTAWAY . DANCERS . *Woodcut.*

In Defense of The Ivory Tower

We are not concerned with compromise; neither do we care for the propagation of society or societies, associations or administrations. We have come to *Coraddi* as new editors with a traditional attitude of the magazine, that of preserving and continuing a degree of civilization on this campus. We do not think that civilization consists in certain aspects of trade-schoolism which, we fear, are becoming overt objects of enchantment. The degree of civilization on which we and *Coraddi* insist is derived from the encouragement and protection of the creative thinkers and artists whom we find about us, few though they may be. We do not think or believe that their purpose is to conform, cooperate, obey rules with which they may not agree, take education courses or be genial to politicians. Honor policies and drinking rules are inconsequential to the people whose beliefs and actions are founded upon a desperate preservation of their own creativity. Rebellion, quiet and passive as it sometimes may manifest itself, is a requisite; and acceptance, voluntary or involuntary, is a part of it, because we do not want perishing behind the first barricade, but the growth of the student artist into the Artist who will no longer be prey to pettiness, degradation and insult.

The ancient Greeks looked upon the people from the island of Barbaros as outside the order of their civilization. We are not paralleling the efforts of our small and strained groupings with the magnitude of the Hellenic accomplishment in the processes of civilization; we have only an Ivory Tower that we have built in the middle of a prevailing Barbaros. It is small, but because it is not associated, administrated or socialized it is impregnable. Perhaps there is no necessity for Ivory Towers in the Great World beyond the seminar rooms. Our edifice must rise, however, in an attitude of beauty and with the formidability of the Great Wall of China. It achieves no height taller than the artistic stature of the people who inhabit it; its territory does not extend beyond the limits of the spirit which possesses these people. Its doors are open only to those who can think, produce, and criticize creatively, and its turrets for defense consist only in the concrete materialization of their artistic aims and abilities.

Many of the most honored and venerable of our inhabitants left the Tower when the enemy ad-

vanced too closely, infringements became too harsh. Perhaps they wisely ceased their role in a minority; certainly their predictions for the Tower's future as trembling beneath a monster of apathy and bigotry have nearly become realized.

But the Tower is not yet fiction; it has not yet joined the realm of lovely legends remembered and mourned by only a few. The Ivory Tower at Woman's College is weakening in its structure, however, and sometimes in the rush of departures and in the tired looks of surrender we hear its very foundations rattle. We appeal to those who are interested in a job of rebuilding, to those who are not particularly interested in becoming socialized, who are becoming uncomfortable on both knees bent before Mammon. We are writing to the people who need support through kindred thinking in their efforts to make themselves more than average, something more than happy in the perfect order of art.

The *Coraddi* is privileged to be a great part of this Ivory Tower, but it too needs new and vigorous blood, new windows of insight knocked through the old walls. *Coraddi* does not judge you upon your ideas concerning dress, morals or thirst; it frees you by ignoring them as incidental to your values in art expressed in your own productivity. We are always bidding for material to print in *Coraddi*—poems, stories, criticisms, and graphic art. Your efforts, if they are good ones, are the only things that can keep the Ivory Tower from becoming another interesting ruin. We need the Tower because we know that it is one of the few places left where the important things are stimulated to birth and growth. We do not think that the day will come when all of Barbaros will be aware that society is not the same as civilization, that the "well-rounded person" is only the dull, mass-produced illustration of the norm in society, and that the creative individual is the exceptional being who is produced by and is the bringer of civilization. We are looking for the people who are striving toward existence in the later category. The Tower can be their bulwark, can be their strength.

All interested persons may apply.

B. H. and C. H.



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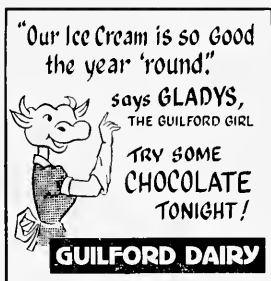
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